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The Glen Path

SAMUEL THEODORE KIDDER





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THE GLEN PATH

*"Still I love to wander through it,
For a charm that never wanes
And a peace that cools life's fevers
There abides and aye remains."*

The Glen Path and Other Songs

BY

SAMUEL THEODORE KIDDER



BOSTON

SHERMAN, FRENCH & COMPANY

1915

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TO
MY FAMILY

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Of the poems appearing in this collection, " Good Cheer " and " The Servant " were first published in *The Survey*; " A May Morning " and " An April Song," in *The Advance*; " The Lord in His Temple," in *The Congregationalist*; " The Last Snow," " Incerta," and the Beloit songs with the exception of " Into all the World," in *The Beloit College Round Table*; " The Evergreen Hills " and " The Glen Path," in *The Ripon Commonwealth*; " What Life Attains," in " A Life of Mrs. Clarissa Tucker Tracy," compiled by Mrs. E. H. Merrell; to all of which publications thanks are due for permission to reprint.

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THE GLEN PATH
AND OTHER SONGS

THE GLEN PATH

THERE'S a winding, leaf-strewn way
Where my footsteps love to stray
In the summer, in the winter,
In the night or in the day ;

Down the glen and through the hollow —
Trails the squirrels love to follow ;
Roads that lead to fairy realms
'Neath the arching oaks and elms ;

Blue sky over ; green grass under ;
Elfin lace entwined with wonder ;
Trailing vines and scented clover
Where the song-birds find a cover.

There the asters spray their purple ;
Golden-rod in splendor gleams.
'Tis a violet-sprinkled pathway
Down that vale of happy dreams.

You should see the autumn sunset
Glint along those leaf-paved aisles.
You should see the winter snowdrifts
Whirling down those deep defiles ; —

Glistening 'neath the spell of moonbeams
Like the sheen of marble halls,
Glowing in midsummer sunshine,
Tapestried with leafy walls !

Still I love to wander through it,
For a charm that never wanes,
And a peace that calms life's fevers,
There abides and aye remains.

There, in dreams, I still go roaming —
Though I traverse distant ways —
'Mid dear memories and fancies
Of long-vanished, golden days.

THE LORD IN HIS TEMPLE

A POEM FOR PALM SUNDAY

I

WHERE Zion's temple lifts on high
Its golden splendors toward God's sky,
What comes this way with loud acclaim?
A strange processional, aflame
With fresh green boughs and waving palms,
Round one most kingly, chanting psalms —
“Hosanna!”

Now near and nearer draws the throng,
Redoubling as it moves along.
It climbs the steep; the “Golden gate”
It passes, pleased to celebrate
That meek prince riding to his throne —
While rings, in ever rising tone,
“Hosanna!”

Within, base venders clink their coin;
Feigned sanctity and thieving join.
Here mitred priests and wide-robed scribes —
Lords of oppression, skilled in bribes —
Fleece God's poor flock. Who comes this way?
The Lord his temple views today!
Hosanna!

II

Hear now the sweet-voiced children sing,
Whose unstained hearts best know the King.
Here wait sad groups of blind and lame,
In eager hope of him who came
To heal all ills — of flesh, of souls —
While joyously that chorus rolls —
“Hosanna!”

Amazed, I read the tale again
Of him, imperial among men —
How from the temple-court that day
The low-browed traders slunk away
From his stern word and flaming eye,
While babes and sucklings joined the cry —
“Hosanna!”

The “Son of David” hears their voice;
Such ne’er forbids he to rejoice;
The very stones would cry if these
Should hold their peace, for him they please
Who loves the simple, grateful praise
Which only guileless ones can raise —
Hosanna!

III

Once more the day of palms is nigh,
God's Holy Temple still lifts high
Its blue-arched dome, its sun-filled sky!
Nay, Lord, thy temple-fane am I —
Thy dwelling-place! Abide in me,
O Christ, and let me sing for thee —
Hosanna!

Still the same motley groups appear,
Blind, lame and poor are ever near;
Still venal traders plot for greed;
Stalk priest and scribe of slippery creed.
Oh, for the Christ, and Christ-like men;
While sweet child-voices plead again —
“Hosanna!”

Come to thy temple, Lord — thine own!
Scourge out the sin and take the throne.
Heal thou mine eyes, that I may see;
My feet, that I may speed for thee.
Dwell in this temple, O my King!
So, with the children, will I sing,
“Hosanna!”

THE FIRE, THE FAN, AND THE PRUNING-KNIFE

O MASTER, purge my soul this day,
For thou its inmost needs canst see;
Refine thy gold; burn out from me
All useless dross that clogs my way!

Use thou thy fan with heavenly wind,
And cleanse thy floor at any cost;
Expel my chaff, or life is lost;
Lord make me pure, for I have sinned!

Have mercy on thy fruitless tree,
Yet spare not axe nor pruning-knife;
Send what I need, that so my life
May bear sweet fruit eternally!

A MAY MORNING

As one who treads on holy ground and stands
In awe, like Moses at the burning bush,
With feet-unshod and spirit all ahush,
Waiting the voice divine, with clasped hands,—
So when sweet day-dawn flushes all the lands
And matins soar to heaven with song of
thrush

And oriole, while meadow-flowers blush,
Till, with new, glorious vision, life expands,—

I muse —“ This is God’s day, and God is here.
In reverence let me to his shrine draw near!

Let me discern his face and hear his voice;
In him and his fair world let me rejoice.”
So let me pass to labor, strong of heart,
And in the world’s great burdens bear my part.

THE SERVANT

HE who will serve is a servant,—
Yea, a servant of high degree,
For he stands by highest or lowliest
With eyes clear-visioned to see.

He who will serve is a brother
In the brotherhood, warm and brave,
That is broad as the race and as tender
As the Brother who came to save.

He who will serve is a lover;
All service were else in vain.
From a heart that makes all the world sweeter
He labors more lovers to gain.

He who will serve is a teacher;
For many shall learn at his feet
The art of all arts the noblest,
Of turning life's bitter to sweet;

The truth of all truths the deepest,
Whose knowing must make men free;
The skill of all skills the finest,
Of training to do and to be.

He who will serve shall be master,
Ruling and serving in one,
Till multitudes league with the leader
And the undone work can be done.

He who will serve shall be royal,
 Enthroned by the King of Kings;
His scepter, the will to deal justly;
 His crown the mead gratitude brings.

EDELWEISS

DEAR little exile from the frigid heights
Of Alpine crags, cradled among the snows,
Nested where glaciers gleam and fierce wind
blows,
Where verdure fails, nor bird-wing ventures
flight,—
Fair hast thou faced the sun most dazzling
bright,
Braved the black tempest raging o'er the
floes,
Breathed purest airs, lived where the ether
glows
And bathes the white world clean in heaven's
light.

Soft, dewy petals, like a cherub's wing,
Once folded in the mountain's chilly arms;
White leaves first moulded in the realms
of ice,—
A gentle melody ye seem to sing
Of life far-off, safe sheltered from alarms.
God made thee, loves thee, tender edelweiss!

THE FACE OF GOD

THERE'S not a wayside pool so foul with mud
But that its depths, if we gaze deep enough,
Reflect the pure blue of the summer sky
And every fleecy cloud that floats o'erhead.
So, if we learn with loving eyes to look
Beneath humanity's rough, outward lines
Deep down into the treasures of the soul,
We shall behold, however much obscured
By turbid waves of faults and weaknesses,
The clear, reflected image of its God.

CANIS SUB MENSA

AFAR in the city of Milan,
On Lombardy's splendid plain,
Where the hoary Alps and Apennines
Sweep down to the Venice main,

In the famous Brera palace
Of that land of illustrious art,
A painting by Rubens the master is seen
That is vivid and full of heart.

'Tis the scene of the Blessed Supper,
The night when our Lord was betrayed,
With a human nature deftly limned
In colors that never should fade.

Round the board, with anxious faces,
Are grouped the disciple band,
While a luminous glow from the Master's brow
O'ershadows the candle-stand.

With awe you may study their features
While the dear Christ blesses the bread;
For the eyes of Judas glare haggard and fierce,
But in John's are no traces of dread.

Then, down in the dusky foreground,
Nestled close by the Master's feet,
Devotedly guarding his friend beloved
And waiting his morsel of meat,

A dog lies under the table,
Fulfilling his humble part,
With a guise that would lick the hand beloved
Or tear at a traitor's heart!

In the shadows he crouches in silence,
With quiet but resolute mien,
Watching alike for his crumb to fall
Or a signal to service keen.

'Tis a quaint and curious fancy.
I wonder if haply 'twere so,—
When the feast was o'er and the hymn was sung,
Was the dog, too, ready to go?

Did he pass down the vale of Kedron
On that tragical midnight-march
When the Christ so lovingly taught the twelve
'Neath the sheen of the star-lit arch?

Did he climb with the Lord to Gethsemane
Where the drowsy disciples slept?
'Neath the olives and stars, was it he alone
Shared the vigil the Savior kept?

When the Master bent prone in the agony
And his blood-sweat fell on the sod,
Did those dark eyes shine with compassionate
awe
By the form of the Son of God?

Did he bristle his crest at the onset
Of the mob with bludgeons and swords,
And sullenly growl till the Lord could soothe
His anger with quieting words?

Did the dog-eyes glitter with fury
At the traitorous Judas-kiss
Beneath the glare of the torches' flame
Like an ominous serpent-hiss?

Did he follow the rabble to Annas' hall
When the terrified twelve had fled?
When Simon cursed by the fire of coals,
Did he stand by the captive instead?

Was he with the group disconsolate
Who lingered afar from the cross
In the darkness, sobbing their sorrow deep
And bemoaning their desperate loss?

Did he watch with the guard at the sealed tomb
For love's sake, not for scorn,
Till the angel rolled away the stone
In the dawn of the Easter morn?

Then I wonder if, sooner than Mary,
He sprang at the well-loved voice
All eager to kiss the nail-scarred hand
And, baying his welcome, rejoice.

'Tis only an artist's fancy

In an age long past ; yet our Lord
Found place for the dogs in his parable lore
And knew them by heart and by word.

O dumb friend of man, ever constant,

Of boundless affection and faith,

Teach us to follow our Lord where He leads,

To obey what our Master saith.

ON THE ROAD, AFOOT

LADY MOON and Evening Star,
Shine upon my way;
Sink not yet behind the hills,
Light my path, I pray.
Long the road I plod tonight;
Dank and chill the dew;
Somber are the thicket-shades;
I depend on you!

Evening Star and Lady Moon,
Beam on placidly;
Make my rough and winding way
Plain to tread and see.
Up the hill and down the dale,
Pilots true ye are.
Blessings on you, Lady Moon,
Thank you, Evening Star!

GOOD CHEER

Out of the soil —
 The lily ;
Out of the ooze —
 The pearl !
Up from the mortal
 Soars the immortal ;
After hell's battle
 White flags unfurl !

God's here in his world,
And the cross stands for human redeeming.
 Far o'er the sad earth
Heaven's radiance is evermore streaming.

Therefore, my soul, be true
 And undaunted ;
Never by ghosts of old fears
 Be thou haunted.

Right is right — and not might.
 Truth is truth — and not sneers.
 Love is love — dry the tears.
God is God — face the light !

THE OLD CHURCH

Burned in Fond du Lac, 1908

FIRM-FRAMED with love, in faith deep-laid,
Her walls uprose in days of old ;
Her beams with prayer and service stayed,
Adorned with graces manifold.

To old and young her doors swung wide,
To rich and poor her aisles were free ;
While from her desk was magnified
The gospel of sincerity.

Here swelled the song and thrilled the prayer,
With organ-tones rolled heavenward
Like censer-clouds of incense rare ;
Here children thronged to learn God's Word ;

Here plighted troths were sealed for aye,
And sweet babes smiled 'neath christening
hands ;
Here penitents first learned to pray,
And vowed to follow Christ's commands.

O scenes beloved in other years,
Dear faces lit from shining souls,
Down through that mist of smiles and tears
A gleam from heaven backward rolls !

Some still our mortal dwellings share,
And some have passed beyond our sight;
But God is here, and God is there;
His heart is love, his ways are right.

Outpours the fine gold from the flame;
Up from the dead seed blooms the flower.
Let husk consume, dross sink to shame,—
No good is missed from heaven's sweet dower!

So we will trust when dims our joy,
And earthly values rust and fade;
Our wealth no ravage can destroy.
God treasures safe,— we're not afraid!

CHEQUAMEGON BAY

BEAUTIFUL Chequamegon,
Mirror of the setting sun,
Sheltered from the North Sea's wiles
By the fair Apostle Isles!
Odorous with spruce and pines
Bend thy shores in curving lines,
While along thy sun-kissed tides
Many a stately vessel rides.

AUTUMNA REGINA

Ho, the splendor of the maples!
Heigh, the glory of the oaks!
Green and gold, with royal purple;
Scarlet-brown, with crimson cloaks!

Ha, the dazzle of the sunshine!
Ah, the wonder of the sky! —
When sweet summer turns to autumn
And the harvest days are nigh!

Yellow pumpkins moon the cornfields
Round the rustling shocks of maize,
Ere the frost has wrought its havoc
Or the sky has lost its haze;

And the great moon rises softly,
Silent, full-orbed, all aglow,
While the coons and owls keep vigil
O'er the nooks that lovers know.

THE "ANALUSIS"

"The time has come for me to loose cable." II Timothy 4:6.

"To loose cable and be with Christ is far better." Philippians 1:23.

THE great deep calls, the wind is high,
Apace the long day wanes;
Up swings the night, mists veil the sky,
And solemn darkness reigns.

The deep-toned flood-tide murmurs low,
My restless bark strains hard
Upon its leash, as fain to go,
Like thrall released from ward.

This side, black shadows wall me in,
The blasts of life blow chill;
Yet I loose cable fearlessly,
For I can fear no ill.

Beyond wide seas a beacon glows,—
Star from a dim-seen shore,—
The land of peace that thrills my dreams,—
Sweet rest forevermore!

The fight is fought, the race is won;
To sail is better far.
So jubilantly I embark
To pass beyond the bar.

The Pilot, whom I trust for aye,
Unseen is at the prow;
With him, the voyage is brief, the port
Is sure to which I go.

EASTERTIDE

CATKINS and jonquils

And Easter day once more!

A thousand voices sing to us

The spring-tide's happy lore;

And all the world is leaping up

To see the blessed light,

For Christ has brought new life and hope,

To drive away the blight.

JUBILEE HYMN

For the Fiftieth Anniversary of Ripon
Congregational Church

"Sing unto the Lord a new song."

LORD of glory, who hast founded
On the Living Rock thy Church,
In thy wisdom all unbounded
And thy power beyond our search,
We adore thy love unceasing,
Guarding us through smiles and tears,
Which has borne thy flock, increasing
On through half a hundred years.

From beginnings frail and slender —
Hopes o'ershadowed deep with fear —
All the way thy mercies tender
Shone our widening path to cheer;
Till to-day, with vision clearer,
Stronger faith and bolder prayer,
We behold thy kingdom nearer
And its blest fulfilments share.

We remember loved ones saintly
Who have wrought thy service here,
But whose prayers and graces faintly
In our own poor lives appear.
Safe in thy fair heaven abiding,
Rest they now in endless peace,

Where, in thy pavilions hiding,
From all ills they find release.

With rejoicing and thanksgiving,
We recall thy patient care.
Roaming, resting, dying, living,
Thou hast blessed us everywhere.
Lead us still, O mighty Master,
Moulding us to thy sweet will
While the ages speed on faster,
Thy great glory to fulfill.

THE EVERGREEN HILLS

OH, the glory and the glister of the sunlit fields
of snow,
Stretching far across the farm-lands toward the
purple hills below ;
Hemmed with thickets, darkling, leafless, shimmering
blue and brown and gray,
Crowned with wind-breaks green and serried,—
ranks of fir-trees in array !

Down the glens, all winds defying, stand the oaks
with amber locks,
Like a maiden's auburn tresses, by the corn-
field's tattered shocks ;
While the far hills roll toward sunset, pale and
shadowy and dim,
Flushed with splendor on their summits by the
red sun's sinking rim.

Far below, with tide majestic, falls the river to
the sea,
And beyond it rise dim highlands of a land
that's dear to me ;
And my dreams drift o'er that river to the
gracious friends beyond,
Whom my heart holds fast forever in indis-
soluble bond.

FOR AN EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

WHAT life attains, serene, its four-score years?
What life fulfils its reach of time and space
And beauty? 'Tis the life that runs its race
With patience, and divine high-calling hears; —
The childlike soul that trusts and bodes no fears,
The spirit swift to do and teach, through
 grace,
The truth and love of God; finding a place
To sympathize and bless in spite of cares.

Such lives our grateful hearts will not forget.
Such we congratulate in glad assemblings
To render such frail honors as we may.
We pray they long may linger with us yet,
That we may farther trace divine resemblings
And, by their light, through darkness find
 our way.

FRUSTRA

As on the ocean's sandy marge,
 Strewn with white shells and dark-ribbed
 wrecks,

Full many a foam-capped sea-wave breaks
Borne in from the horizon's verge,

And, bearing on its watery breast
 Kelp and sea-flowers of varied hue,
 Torn from the caverns where they grew,
Tosses them shoreward from its crest;

But, ere they come within our reach,
 The faithless wave has turned to flee
 And, with its treasures from the sea,
Ebbs sighing down the pebbled beach; —

So, o'er the waste of barren strand
 That bounds our sear and tide-washed years,
 Where many a wreck of hope appears
Half buried in the shifting sand,

Rolls now and then some buoyant wave,
 Foam-crested with bright thoughts of youth,
 Floating sweet memories which, in sooth,
We fain would pluck from their damp grave;

But ere we grasp with eager hands
 These tokens of a happier day,
 The treacherous wave has ebbed away
And left us shivering on the sands.

GODSPEED

THE quiet years drift slowly past,
Sunshine and flowers illumine the way.
For you I pray that each fair day
Be fairer, sweeter than the last.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS

To you, dear friend, with joy I send
The merriest Christmas greeting.
For you increase good-will and peace,
All woes and ills defeating.

Along the years, despite our fears,
The heavens still are telling
Their song sublime, while sweet bells chime
Above each human dwelling.

God bless you, friend, this Christmas day,
And may your sun shine clearly
The livelong year, and bring good cheer
To all whom you love dearly.

A FIELD OF FLOATING ICE-CAKES

LAKE MICHIGAN, 1909

O MAGIC-ISLED Hesperides,
Down drifting from an ice-bound realm,
Without a sail, without a helm,
Lightly afloat on wintry seas; —

From whence, and whither, do ye roam,
Wee bergs, escaped from arctic night;
Fair argosies of dazzling white,
With decks of pearl and freight of foam;

White lily-pads, fair-fringed with down,
Tossing upon the blue lake's breast,
Now floating gaily, now at rest,
Like snowy barks with ermine crown?

Your elfin bulwarks in the sun
Glisten and flash on azure tides;
As some fair shallop lightly rides,
Far from the shore of sand-hills dun,

Skimming the deep with dancing prow,
So glide ye on your mystic ways,—
A vision that forever stays,—
Laden with "treasures of the snow."

NEARING HOME

THE log reels off from the foam-spread wake
As the sea's wide waste we roam;
The knots are scored while the swift glass runs,
And we welcome the slant of westering suns,
Saying "One day nearer home!"

Rough waves lift high, and our good ship reels
As they smite her shivering dome;
We are sick and wan with the heaving sea
And the restless nights, and we pray to be
Just one day nearer home.

There is no moon, and the stars are hid;
The day like the night is gloom;
The rain beats fast; dull mists descend,
And the fog horn booms, yet at each day's end
We are long leagues nearer home.

Now day dawns clear with a sky serene,
And a fresh wind lifts the foam;
Our keel glides merrily on her way
And the sun shines bright; yet the more we say,
"Thank God, we are nearing home!"

So, voyagers on this wider sea
O'er which our souls must roam,
Wave-worn, spray-blinded on the deck,
Rudderless, anchorless, a-wreck,—
God bring us safely home!

A VALENTINE.

PALM or pine,
Valentine,
Thou are mine and I am thine.
East or west,
Work or rest,
My sweetheart is always best.

A SONG OF SEPTEMBER

OH, the glen below the manse,
Where the golden-rod is glowing
And the purple asters dance
In the pleasant wind a-blowing!
Oh, the sheen of yellow tinting,
Where they nod like fairy folk
When the sun-rays fall a-glinting
Down the shining leaves of oak!

'Tis a scene you must remember,
As you pass along your way
From the shiver of December
To the balminess of May,
For the pathos of romance
That so sets your heart a-going
When the purple asters dance
And the golden-rod is glowing.

“ MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU ”

“ My peace I give,” said Jesus,— heavenly
gift,—

To sorrowing, toiling ones a blessed boon!

His peace, that makes our winter spring, our
midnight noon;

Potent to dry our tears, our burdens lift,

To smite through every cloud a sunny rift,

To soothe our tears with some sweet angel
tune.

Thy peace, O Lord! It cannot come too
soon;

Let it descend as summer rains down-drift.

We need it when the anxious days drag by,

We need it when the nights confer no rest;

We need it when for loved ones missed we sigh,

Or when we cannot see God’s way is best.

O tender Master, bend to our low cry;—

Abide with us; become our constant guest.

AN APRIL SONG

WELCOME, Hepatica!
When the frosty soil heaves,
Bursting through the withered leaves,
Matted from the fall;
Blithe little messenger
Waking from thy winter rest,
Springing from thy downy nest
At the robin's call!

Fair, sweet Hepatica!
In the barren forest glen
Lifting up thy silky buds
So graceful and so light,
Tipped with blue and purple
And tipped with pink and white;
Tinted like the sea-shells
Scattered by the tropic main,
Wreathed with a diadem —
A mottled, russet crown
Woven out of leafy hearts
Of elfin green and brown!

Joyful Hepatica!
Smiling under dark skies,
Laughing as the snow flies,
In gusts of windy weather!
Brave little flower-heart!

Though the forest trees stand bare
In the chilly April air,
Holding up thy happy head,
By God's angels thou art fed —
Sun and rain together!

Trustful Hepatica!
Prophet of the springing year,
Prophet undismayed by fear
Lest the promise fail thee;
Patiently hopeful,
Knowing that the blessed Lord
Standeth ever by his word,
Though fierce storms assail thee.

VINTAGE-TIME

THE world in gold and crimson yields her fruit,
But loving souls bear harvests nobler far,—
Years fair and peaceful as the evening star,
Heart-songs whose tones excel the dulcet lute.

SUNSET TO GLOAMING

ON DECK

THE sun drifts down on an opal sky,
And the saffron kisses the blue;
While a bright path shimmers in golden waves,
Reaching out from the land which the dark tide
laves,—
And my thoughts rush home to you.

The red sun sinks below the verge
Of a dusky film of shore;
The opal and gold into crimson turn,
For the lamp of the day has ceased to burn
Its path on the wave-tossed floor.

Across the offing the dim sails pass
Where shadows and mists lie deep,
While the purpling East and crimson West
Clasp hands in a benediction blest
To lull the world asleep.

Thinner and darker the film of shore
That girdles the steel-blue tide;
The rich tints die from the splendid sky;
The darkness looms; cool night draws nigh;
And the stars no longer hide.

The fresh breeze whirrs through stack and
spar;

The heavens are a spangled bow ;
The shoreline shows but the light-house flames,
While waves at the prow play shadowy
games,—

God speed us whither we go !

GULLS OVER LAKE MICHIGAN

HIGH up in the tempest the white gulls soar,
Facing the blast with its dash and its roar.
The wilder the wind, the fiercer the gale,
The lighter of pinion they hover and sail.

They wheel in spirals and circles vast
Above tossed vessels with rocking masts,
Then, motionless, poise with wings spread wide
In glorious freedom and splendor of pride.

From airy pose, on steadiest wing
They dive to the spray, then heavenward
spring;
Riding the tempest, exulting in power,
Braving the storm when the black clouds lower.

HEART'S CHALLENGE

SUNSHINE and moonshine
And love beyond the telling;
Night dreams and day-dreams,
Sweet words that need no spelling!

Since you are mine, my Valentine,
No more I live forlornly,
So keep you true, as I to you,
And never eye me scornly.

INCERTA

"Who hath not sent out ships to sea."—Menken.

I LAUNCHED a white-winged ship on the sea,
With my treasure of golden ore;
Gaily she floated away, away,
But I stand here waiting, day after day,—
Shall I see her never more?

I tied a pearl to a wild bird's throat,—
A pearl that was costly and rare;
On the lightest of wings away she flew
Till I saw but a speck in the sky of blue,
And my pearl had vanished in air.

I trusted my heart to a maiden, with hopes
That were dearer than pearls or gold,
But she, too, drifted away from me
On the fickle waves of a thoughtless sea.
Ah, years, I am growing old!

DEDICATION HYMN

Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, 1910

“RING out the old; ring in the new!”
Yet keep the old to bless the new,—
The old that's dear, the old that's strong,
The old that thrills the new to song.

We loved the old, we'll love the new,
As God unfolds the broader view;
From strength to strength, from grace to
 grace,
With swifter feet we'll run the race.

The new must be of finer mould,
Of nobler grace and larger-souled;
More firm in faith, in love more broad,
More kind to man, more true to God.

Christ's world is looming into light;
Then bolder stand we for the right!
Peace to the Gentile and the Jew;
God save the old; God speed the new!

Our Father's God, we dedicate
To Thy great Love our temple-gate.
Its walls and towers, in faith upraised,
Shall stand for Thee. Thy Name be praised!

Here may we come to find God's rest ;
Forth may we go to make men blest ; —
For all Thy children, great or small,
Thy cup of cheer, Thy welcome call! —
Amen.

OFF THE NEWFOUNDLAND COAST

“SEVEN bells, and all is clear!”

Through a crimson and purple door
The sun sinks down o’er the darkling mere,
And a shimmer of glory the ocean paves
Till a moon-lit path on the dazzling waves
Gleams toward Cape Breton’s shore.

“Seven bells, and all is clear!”

Now the lights are burning bright;
Newfoundland’s shadowy coast looms near;
Stars beam above the beacon’s glow;
The foam leaps back from our cleaving prow
And the deck-watch guards the night.

“Seven bells, and all is clear!”

As we sweep toward the windy sea,
Riding the tide with never a fear
While evening hymns thrill sweet below,
For God’s love watches and cares, we know,
Wherever His children be.

“Seven bells, and all is clear!”

So we rock on our billowy way,
And our hearts turn back to the home-friends
dear
Who remember and pray for our safe return;
Then we slumber in peace, while the dim lamps
burn,
Till God brings back the day.

THE LAST SNOW

WHENCE do ye journey, snow-flakes white,
Dropping down daintily, feathery light?
Were ye sent forth by yon dull gray cloud
That covers the earth with a somber shroud?
Do ye not fear from the sky to float,
Gliding down each like an elfin boat
Borne by a tiny crystal sail
As white as a fairy's bridal veil?

Ye rock and dance on the waves of air,
Ye laugh and exult in your beauty rare,
Now darting down in a headlong flight,
Now stopping to play with the zephyrs light.
O snow-flakes, heedless of danger near,
Ye hurry on in your mad career,
Remembering not in your careless mirth
That ye speed your way toward the cold, dead
earth.

Rush on in your course! Ye are doomed to die!
In the damp yellow grass ye will shortly lie.
As a winding sheet shall it wrap you round,
And your graves shall be in the dull, cold
ground.

The brown leaves over you dirges sing,
As still to their branches they fondly cling;
And the oak-trees sigh in the moaning wind,
As sadly above you they wave and bend.

But they whisper with joy of a speeding day
When winter and snow shall have passed away ;
When the breath of spring shall awake the
 flowers,
And the grass grow green under April showers ;
When the streams, released from their icy
 chains,
Will joyfully wander through verdant plains ;
And the birds, returned to a northern clime,
Shall warble the songs of the summer time.

FOR A LAKE DE NEVUE COTTAGE
GUEST-BOOK

FAIR lake, whose still face mirrors summer
skies,

Rippled by light winds, tossed to foam by
storm,—

Resting entranced I view thy pictures, warm
With dawn or sunset colorings, where rise
Green, bowery terraces of changeful guise
In thy clear deeps reflected, form on form
Of placid beauty. An unending charm,
A joyous peace, forever round thee lies.

But sweeter still the hospitable rest
Of this loved cottage, and that heart within
So rich in gentle courtesies,— so strong
To cheer and shelter many a weary guest
Or grateful, way-worn toiler, who has been
Here freshened to new life and tuned to
song.

GOD'S PEACE

LIKE troubled seas that cannot rest,
So human hearts, with sin oppressed,
By winds of woe and tides of ill
Tossed to and fro,— aye, restless till
The peace of God is found.

Grief will not pause; tears will not dry;
Temptations lurk and fears defy.
The good desired we fail to do,
Pursuing vainly what we rue.—
O God of Peace, draw near!

O peace of God, O God of Peace,—
Be now our refuge and release
From sin and grief, from loss and fears,—
Sweet calm for all our troubled years.
Thy peace, O God, we crave!

A DREAM OF THE MEADOWS

OH, the waving of the grass!
How it rests you as you pass
Where the sea of emerald billows rolls away
Under skies of living blue,
Dashed with clouds of magic hue,
In the sweetness of the fair midsummer day!

Ranks of olive-tinted plumes,
Crowned with haze of purple blooms,
With a scent of crimson clover in the air; —
How it soothes with mystic charm
Every dread that might alarm;
What a talisman to banish teasing care!

Sunbeams on the waving crests,
Shadows in their hollow nests,
Rising, bowing, in the measure of a song;
Fairy high-lights glide and glisten
While enchanted here I listen
To the roundelays of birds in happy throng.

Dreamy sounds come floating near,
Elfin secrets open clear,
From the hidden world of teeming mysteries!
Sails my soul upon that sea
Toward the isles of Arcady,
Gently wafted by the odorous summer breeze.

SERENETAS

SWEET summer day, too soon to dusk descend-
ing,

Peace in the air, deep azure overhead,

Soft grassy pillows for my throbbing head;

Cool, soothing airs, green branches lowly bend-
ing,

While through the mottled screen, veiled sun-
rays, blending,

Soft filter downward o'er my sylvan bed —

Heaven's sapphire with earth's emerald newly
wed —

All gracious sympathies to weakness lending!

Harsh care is banished, rest and peace are here;

Beneath the arching oaks that fringe the
wood,

Heart, mind and body drink in blessed
quiet;

A Sabbath hush broods over land and mere.

Deep things of God now clearly understood,

My soul finds foretaste of immortal diet.

“ EBENEZER ”

Decennial hymn for Winnetka, Illinois, 1884

“ Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”

O LORD, all consecrated wills,
All loving graces, are from thee.
In chastenings thy dear face we see ;
Thy hand our cup of blessing fills.

Thou, Lord, hast helped us hitherto ;
With tender hearts thy grace we own.
This night be our memorial stone ;
We, living sacrifices true.

Faith's household make us, Lord, indeed,
Together bound as bound to thee ;
From Sin, O Savior, make us free.
With bread of heaven supply our need.

Light of the World, upon us shine.
In thy light, grant us light to see,
Grace to reflect each ray from thee,
Lighting our world with love divine.

FOR ALMA MATER

Beloit College, Wisconsin

A SONG FOR BELOIT

From the "Beloit College Song-book"

RAISE the song and make it ring;
Here's to old Beloit!
All her sons and daughters sing;
Here's to old Beloit!
Loyal hearts o'er land and sea,
Stalwart breasts who wear the "B,"
Hail, our mother, three times three!
Here's to old Beloit!

Sing the names revered of old;
Here's to old Beloit!
Whom dear memories still enfold;
Here's to old Beloit!
Souls who gave their noblest years,
Dared the toils and braved the fears,
Men with vision like the seer's;
Here's to old Beloit!

Hold the "spirit" strong and high;
Here's to old Beloit!
Never let its fervor die;
Here's to old Beloit!
Cherish all the past has gained —
"Science true with faith unfeigned";
Keep the sunshine hues unstained;
Here's to old Beloit!

Comrades for the world's new day,—
Here's to old Beloit!
Partners on the toilsome way,—
Here's to old Beloit!
Bravely choose the task benign,
Boldly face the battle-line,
Win the field in might divine;
Here's to old Beloit!

Bear the pennant, wide unfurled;
Here's to old Beloit!
Shed the luster round the world;
Here's to old Beloit!
Keep her manhood clean and strong,
Trample down the ranks of wrong,
Love the faith and sing the song;
Here's to old Beloit!

HYMN

For the Second Inauguration of President
Eaton of Beloit College

THE past, O God, was of thy grace,
The future is thy care;
With thanks, to-day, we seek thy face,
Thy boundless mercy share.

O Light of Lights, dawn on our way;
Mankind's frail vision clear;
Illumine things unseen, we pray;
Bring Heaven's kingdom near.

O Faith of Faiths, where true hearts rest
And learn what passes sense,
Securely guide our coming quest,
Though shadows hover dense.

O Truth of Truths that make men free,
In thee fast may we stand;
Dissolve our doubts in serving thee,
And move at thy command.

O Love Divine, Eternal Word,
Our College guard and keep;
For his high task, thy servant gird
As shepherd of thy sheep.

“ INTO ALL THE WORLD ”

For a Portrait Unveiling of Foreign Missionary
Alumni from Beloit College, 1912

THE sun in his stately round —
Swift traversing land and mere,
Encompassing all the sphere —
Hath naught more beneficent found,
More worthy of being renowned,
Than a zone of compassionate souls
That encircles the globe as it rolls,
Brings Paradise earthward again,
With peace and goodwill among men
To the continents' farthest bound.

Fond Mother of daughters and sons,—
Beloit, as thy worthiest dower
Reckon this, that the sway of thy power,
Hand to hand, heart to heart, over-runs
The wide world with a warmth like the sun's,—
Benedictions that fall like the shower
Upon deserts a-thirst, till the flower
And the verdure return; till heaven's grace
Distills balm on a pain-ridden race,
Brings peace to earth's comfortless ones.

Forth-faring, they dare and endure
Heavy toils in the spirit and name
Of the Christ, the Anointed, who came
To publish good news to the poor,
To the captive release; to insure

Happy sight to the blind ; to proclaim
Health and cure for the bruised and the lame ;
To herald abroad, with good cheer
To mankind, God's acceptable year.
Souls heroic such labors allure.

God bless them ! our sisters and brothers
Who earth-ties and gains bid adieu,
And their call from afar follow true ;
Seeking not for themselves but for others,—
Hapless children, sad fathers and mothers
Of many a region and hue.
These by faith a dead world create new ;
Nerved with love, overcome every ill ;
From whose hope, gushing clear like the rill,
Streams a life which all worldliness smother.

Slow looms our blind world into light ;
On marches the Infinite plan ;
Till each man shall be brother to man
The world round, when we fathom love's height,
Length and breadth, biding safe in the might
Of God's fatherhood. Who leads the van
Of the host? That brave, neighborly clan
Who, love-ruling, love-serving, love-blessing,
One Mastery boldly confessing,
Keep faith that fair day will end night.

Bless God for the boon of the old !
Thank God for the cheer of the new,—

For horizons that lift to our view
Gleaming fair with fulfilments untold!
As God's æons serenely unfold,
And hopes, long delayed, ripen true,
Let us follow the heavenly clue
Where it leads,— swift to enter God's way,
Fain our Shepherd's wise rule to obey,
Till our world is all won to his fold!

So this life-fount that laves every land
In full tides of blessing will flow;
And its sun-tinted colors shall glow
Till its rainbow of promise has spanned
Flowery Nipon, fair India's strand,
The far-islanded seas; and shall throw
Over China new-born, upon slow-
Rising Africa's glooms, rays divine;
O'er the broad Moslem realms freely shine,
Till heaven holds earth by the hand.

YE SOPHOMORE

A PARODY

RIGHTE lordlie is ye Sophomore,
As any kinge may be;
And eke, his pate to elevate,
A plugge hatte weareth he.

Ye classics trouble not his minde,
Full safely dothe he ride;
And trustie steede, in time of neede,
Is ever bye his syde.

Ye epics of ye poetes' past
He eyes with scornfulle smyle;
And with disdayne he deemeth vaine
Ye Socrates, his style.

Right cheerfulle is ye Sophomore
As any merrie grigge;
And oft with glee rejoiceth he
In running from ye trygge.

And when ye closing of ye weeke,
With leisure houre, hath come,
Fulle joyfullie indulgeth he
Ye customarie bumme.

Ye peanuttēs and ye flowinge bowle
Relieve his wearied minde,
But ah, his beere, ye folk do feare,
Is of ye strongest kinde!

Anon, he wand'reth through ye streetes
And singeth to ye postes,
Ye sidewalks tears, and little cares
For all ye midnichte ghostes.

Ye boardes upon ye townsman's fence
With zeal he maketh free;
And from ye hinge to lift ye gate,
A merrie sinne thinks he,

But when he heares, with trembling feares,
Ye rattlinge of ye blinde,
With haste his heeles he useth welle,
Ye hydinge place to finde.

Eke softer is ye Soph his hearte
Than is ye Soph his crowne,
And plaine to see adareth he
Ye lassies of ye towne.

And when ye Sunneday nappe is o'er
And comes ye Sunneday nighte,
With cloves his breath he sweeteneth,
His bootes he shyneth brighte.

With dapper gaite he goeth straighte
To meete his mayden faire,
And arm in arm to kirk they turne,
“Ye gospel for to heare.”

Right jollie is ye Sophomore,
And wild ye oates he sowes ;
For soon must he a Junior be,—
Ye Soph, his joyes must close.

IN MEMORY OF
PROFESSOR JAMES J. BLAISDELL

For the Fiftieth Anniversary of Beloit
College

O MOTHER kind, who tenderly hast borne
Upon thy gentle heart, these two score years
And ten, and nurtured into man's estate
Thy generations who have come and passed,
Who toiling walk earth's dusty roads afar
With never waning love and faith for thee; —
Mother, who bear'st to-day with queenly grace
Thy green half-century's crown of olive-leaf
Entwined by loyal sons, yet wear'st no less
The bloom and smile of fresh, unwrinkled
youth; —

Like children tired of play, breathless and
flushed,

We wander home, back from life's reeking mists
And blinding whirl, all gratefully content
To soothe ourselves, spending one little hour
In thy embrace.

O college home beloved,
Fair stand thy walls and pinnacles to-day,
From small beginnings rising into power
And comeliness within God's sheltering hand.
In thee the whole round world is blest; and still
Blessed the labors wrought within thy doors.
Deep underneath thy visible structures lie

Foundations sure and strong whereon are graven
Rare histories of courage, prayer and hope
In earlier days. Ask you what stones are these?
Not quarried granite, massive marble cubes,
Not jasper, chrysoprase, nor emerald,
Nor amethyst; but costlier far than all,—
Heroic souls, laid down through strenuous years
Of sacrifice and labor, love-bestowed,
For the great kingdom's service; lives sublime,
Self-built into an immortal fabric,
Based on the Rock of Ages; "living stones,"
Impregnable to all attacks of time;—
Such lives, to-day, we reverence in our song.

Some linger yet, whose whitening heads, to us,
Wear halos,—late returning to the heavens;
But whose dear faces shine as touched afar
Already with the splendors of a dawn
Celestial.

Some have passed into the lands
Serene and vernal, where the sons of God
See as he sees and know as they are known;
Whose works do follow them.

To one of these,
With throbs of grief subdued by thankfulness,
This day of days we join in tender tribute.

He stood here, one brief year ago,
A form with kingly eye and mien;
A prince of men, he walked with God

Through pregnant years, then strangely trod
A pathway dark with pain and awe,
 Into the realm unseen.

Here, where vast streams of empire meet,
 He came in manhood's sturdy prime,
And threw his wealth of mind and heart
Into high contest to impart
To young lives, crude and incomplete,
 Enthusiasms sublime.

The heights of faith, the breadths of law,
 Fair Nature's page, devoutly read,
Had schooled him for his high career
Till, with the vision of the seer,
The child's simplicity, he saw
 How noblest souls are bred.

Deep on his mighty heart he bore
 This college, and its task divine
Of forging character. His love
Shrank from no sacrifice, but strove
With heavenly flame to shape rough ore
 Into a temper fine.

He read men's souls with insight clear,
 And found their best. His eye of flame,
That melted ever to a smile,
The uncouth and timid could beguile
To dare brave deeds and persevere,
 The headstrong gently tame.

Sure was his friendship, warm his hand,
The awkward, homesick lad to cheer.
His measure of the man was true;
His kindly counsels stirred anew,
In every soul that touched him, grand
Ideals and plans sincere.

Scant use he found for textbook lines,
Learned fads, scholastic subtleties,—
Mere surface culture; from within
He wrought, with master touch, to win
Sense, mind and will to high designs,
Unmarred by sophistries.

The best he gave us was himself.
His great soul our ambitions drew
Up manhood's loftier grades and modes
Toward life's best aims,—at antipodes
From passion, pride and lust for pelf,—
The endless life in view.

Full learned in many a tongue was he;
Arts, sciences, philosophies,
Wide realms of letters, history's lore,
Poesy, politics, all bore
Him wealth; yet blent in one great plea
For Christlike sympathies.

Rich meanings to all life he gave;
All souls he would to fitness bring,

“ Trained by experiences here,
For any work in any sphere.”
A man, indeed, who sought “ to have
The Christ in everything.”

For larger than his calling here,
His heart went out to all men’s need,—
The poor, the untaught, the manacled,
The orphaned waif, God’s toilers held
By tyrannies.— His voice rang clear,
Mercy and truth to plead.

No cause of justice found him dumb,
Nor civic wrong nor social sin.
The workman and the little child
Knew him their friend and, grateful, smiled.
Statesman and jurist loved to come
His skilled advice to win.

Deep in his soul God’s kingdom dwelt.
He yearned to broaden its domain
In fields unblest, on pagan strands.
More reapers for white harvest-lands
He longed to send and, praying, dealt
To share their loss or gain.

I see him in his class-room still,
With face, now smiling, now severe;
No listless eye nor reckless mood
He suffered; well he understood

To rouse dull mind, to nerve weak will,
And shape the concept clear.

I see him in his study chair,
 Wrapped in an atmosphere serene ;
His favorite books of themes world-wide,
Pictures and keepsakes by his side ;
Or roaming with a thoughtful air
 Through forest archways green.

I see him in the chapel hall,
 His voice of rich-toned pathos hear
Interpreting God's word anew,
Then, lifted in such prayer as threw
A spell of awe around us all,
 Till heaven's gate seemed near.

And still our hearts delight to stroll
 O'er happy trails of bygone days ;
Again in sweet companionship
We clasp his hand ; our spirits dip
Into the deep springs of his soul,
 Along life's thirsty ways.



Can he be dead, this royal one ;
 And has he gone beyond our ken ?
His thrilling voice, his potent pen,—
Must they be missed till time is done ?

So strong, so true, so kind, so great,—
“God’s will” the token on his shield —
He martyred fell, yet won the field
Whose victory only seemed defeat.

The oaken wreath upon his door,
The grave with autumn splendors spread,
The bowed processions with their dead,
The sweet hymns chanted o’er and o’er,

The eulogies, so poor at best ; —
All these are but the outward signs
Of grief profound, of love’s deep lines,
Graven in hearts that wish him rest,—

Rest, after toils without surcease,
Burdens he would to none confess ;
Out of an “infinite distress”
Swift passage to God’s endless peace.

What load of hearts on him was laid ;
What serious problems of the state ;
The needs of men, the kingdom’s weight !
He stood like Atlas, undismayed,

Till, weary, overborne with pain,
Strange shadows crushed him to the ground ;
Sharp lightnings from a gloom profound
Thrust to his heart and left him slain.

And broken is the golden bowl,
Loosed is the silver cord. Not here
His face will smile, his voice will cheer;
We miss the music of his soul.

The moonbeams flood the amber skies,
The still stars shine, the days speed on;
We toil, bereft, since he hath gone
Where kindlier spheres his service prize.

He is *not* dead. His life throbs on
In souls uncounted whom he blessed
With sight and power in rich behest,
Whose potency is scarce begun.

In those far fields of dazzling sheen
Where he for aye doth walk in light
With kindred spirits, robed in white,
We'll learn, perchance, what this can mean.



O Mother-queen, thy day hath well begun!
Rich legacies from the dear past are thine;
God send thee myriads more of gifts benign,
Advancing stately toward thy zenith sun.
Thine be, at length, the Master's sweet "well-
done."

Let nothing swerve thee from thy great de-
sign,
Young lives to lead, enlighten and refine.
God speed thy golden century's course to run!

A noble host of witnesses on high,
With legions of thy loyal children nigh,
Look on to cheer thee and to reënforce,
May grace be thine and all divine resource,—
Fruitings that surpass all prophecy;
More lustrous crowns thy head to glorify!

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